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## The Chieftain's Grave.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '05.

THEY laid him in a chieftain's grave  
Where purls his favored stream along.  
They wept, for hearts with love as strong  
Withstand no parting with the brave.

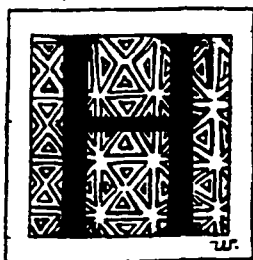
The fleeting winds above his head  
Delayed to tune the lonely yew,  
And through its branches sadly blew  
A long, low requiem for the dead.

The golden-visaged morn, from rest  
First waking gilds the sullen clay;  
The sheen of the departing day.  
Sheds o'er him glory of the west.

No shaft affronts that holy ground  
Men's hollow praises to compel;  
His deeds his own will fitly tell  
And sacred keep his humble mound.

## Shelley the Man and Poet.\*

J. LEONARD CARRICO, LITT. B.



He died, and the world showed no outward sign, wrote Mrs. Shelley in her preface to her husband's poems. The world did show itself rather indifferent on the death of Shelley, but on reviewing his career we find that Shelley had, in a sense, held himself rather indifferent to the world. The contemporaries of the poet, even those that sympathized with him, had little to say on his decease either for or against. It is said that at the time of his death, Shelley could count but fifty readers. His promise of immortality seemed the least that a real poet could merit. It is to the credit of his age, how-

ever, that, if it did not appreciate him justly, it did not try to immortalize him by a positive condemnation. His trial and judgment was reserved for the next generation. Shelley had gone from the world unlamented, but he had left testimony of his genius. He had always believed, and was satisfied in believing, that his name would enjoy a posthumous fame. The people who came immediately after him, and above all, the men of letters, took up his poetry and wondered at his power, they became enthusiastic—over-enthusiastic, perhaps,—and it was shortly agreed that Shelley was one of the few men who are not to be forgotten.

Much has been written about Shelley's poetry and nearly as much more about Shelley himself; but this mass of criticism is not very satisfactory to one seeking a definite and honest estimate of Shelley's work. Excepting the few historical facts, one might find a flat contradiction for almost any statement that might be made concerning this poet. But even in the most hopeless confusion some kind of discrimination is usually possible. It is observable that lovers of literature are apt either to idolize certain poets, or to hold them in contemptuous aversion. There is party-spirit in poetry as well as in politics. The personal tastes, hereditary tenets, and poetic principle of the reader may do very much for or against a writer regardless of his merit. This is true in the case of Shelley, and as a consequence, many of the judgments pronounced upon his poetry are more partisan than judicious. It seems almost impossible to admire Shelley in a half-hearted way, and just as difficult to find fault with him without condemning him wholly. Some critics have observed that youth is wont to regard Shelley with an inconsiderate enthusiasm and an unalloyed admiration, which are corrected by the mature, sober judgment of later years. This is plainly possible, and we admit that we admire

\* Prize essay in the contest for the English Medal.

Shelley a little too unreservedly, perhaps, but it is a question whether the genuine admiration of the young is not often quite as reasonable as the peevish conservatism of older people. We do not claim to understand Shelley better, or so well, as our seniors, nor shall we presume to decide where doctors disagree, but we do think an opinion of our own, if we are able to substantiate it, worth more to us than a score of another man's.

To understand Shelley's poetry in such a way that we may neither praise nor dispraise it rashly, it is necessary to know something of the man. After studying the artist himself, however, we could almost wish, if we sympathize with him, that nothing was known historically of his life and personality. But while an intimate acquaintance with Shelley rather mars our appreciation in the grand summary, it must serve to palliate certain faults that must stand out criminal-faced otherwise. Some refuse to pardon him anything whatever; but were not circumstances generally accounted many of us would be condemned and beheaded without trial. We shall not attempt to pardon the unpardonable, but we had rather hear everything that may be said in a man's favor than every petty complaint that fault-finders might lodge against us.

In our knowledge of men as of things we always like to have for practical purposes a kind of summary at once brief and comprehensive, a kind of definition that shows essence, limits, and, if possible, proportions—just the word or two that says or comes near saying all that might be said about the man. But this is not easily had in the case of Shelley. It seems almost impossible to cram him into the nutshell. There are too many elements. Attempts have been made, however, the most successful of which seems to be that of Mr. Bagehot; he labels Shelley a "remarkable blunderer"—with how much reason we shall try to find.

If we may trust accounts, Shelley inherited little that was either great or good, not even his father's title and property. From the few obscure notices we gather that Sir Timothy Shelley, the father of the poet, had just enough scruple to make him eminently practical in matters of morals and religion. He thought—and he told Percy as much—that so long as his son did not disgrace the family too outrageously he should be satisfied. This is about the amount of instruction that

Shelley received at home. To this laxity on the part of his sire must be added young Shelley's peculiar need of parental guidance. At a very early age Shelley evinced a disposition to think, something that is true of few boys and of not all men. He was of an independent, though it seems by no means haughty nature; he was possessed of a will much stronger than is generally accredited him, a quick, keen mind, and a disposition decidedly romantic. Shelley was one of those boys destined to be either something, or much worse than nothing, for he had the makings of the very best or the very worst man possible. In regard to actual merit, there are two kinds of characters: those that are good and do good by positive effort, and those that do necessarily a certain amount of good in so far as they are incapable of harm. The latter may be generally the more fortunate, but they are not the prominent characters here, and it is not probable that they will be hereafter. The former are the "heroes in the strife," and Shelley was one of these.

At school Shelley was never popular. He was too much given to dreams and speculation, and too violently original in his ways to win the favor of the matter-of-fact crowd. He was not devoted to the ordinary sports of college life, though he was fond of boating, fishing and rambling about the fields and woods. He usually bore the ridicule of his companions with patience, though he was not without some self-assertion. At Oxford Shelley was no less singular than he had been during his preparatory schooling at Eton. He was an apt student, and excelled in his classes almost without effort. This ease afforded him considerable leisure, which he devoted to other and favorite branches of study. In fact, he believed that the University could not do near so much for him as he could do for himself. He was from all accounts a most prodigious reader. He had a great liking for the philosophic poems of Lucretius, Pliny's "Natural History," Hume's "Essays," and Godwin's "Political Justice." Anyone acquainted with these works may guess his tastes and tendencies. He had also at this time a great passion for chemistry; he experimented and theorized most ardently; he sought to inspire others with his enthusiasm, but failed. This discouraged him, and he gave up chemistry for philosophy. With his characteristic zeal he embraced Epicurean materialism, which, of course, led him directly



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to atheism and all the extravagant and execrable doctrines that follow so logically therefrom. He set himself against every popular convention and established principle. He tried to show, and, to anyone that would admit his starting points, we might say that he did show, that authority, law, order, morality, and religion, were but the base inventions of tyrants whereby they might fetter the rights and liberties of the credulous multitude. With the next step he became an uncompromising advocate of free love. Fortunately, but few minds take to such doctrines as did that of Shelley. The principles of his youth, as we find them set forth in his own notes on "Queen Mab," are too repulsive to be dangerous. Be it said to his credit, however, that Shelley himself never committed them to the public; and it is to be wished that those who took charge of his unpublished works after his death had done likewise.

To be sure, Shelley may not be held irresponsible for his free thought or for the ridicule of those very things which men must ever hold most sacred; but before passing any judgment upon him we must, as we have said already, weigh the several circumstances which peculiarly favored his philosophic madness. Shelley was at this time but eighteen years old. We have noted something already of his home training. What he received at school was not much better, or, to say the most, not suitable for a character like that of Shelley. He had at the very time at which he needed it most a poor chance at any sort of religion. Those who had the largest part in the moulding of his future were far from orthodox. Considering but this much, one might wonder how he came by that considerable amount of natural goodness of which he frequently, though not invariably, gives evidence. Shelley's nearest associates at the University were not those to influence him for the better in matters of thought. The most important of these was one Thomas Jefferson Hogg of atheistic renown. More than this, we must consider Shelley's own temperament. It is not easy for normal and theistic minds to understand such a disposition. Some have pronounced Shelley partially insane; but "insanity" in critical literature has become quite as broad and meaningless as the term "being" in metaphysics. Any one with a mind not exactly coextensive with our own must be adjudged insane—a

delightful way of vaulting difficulties, and sometimes of masking conceited ignorance. Shelley's mind was strong, independent and elective, nor was it the first or only one of the kind that has existed. The reason that it worked out bad conclusions so often was because it was so often given bad premises. Those who now and then undertook to correct the premises rather confirmed them for Shelley by the poor way in which they went about it. Shelley's character was one not subject to snake-killed reforms; he was too sincere in his beliefs to be converted by offence, and too much disposed to carry the bit in his teeth to be curbed by force. He might have been burned at the stake for the benefit of humanity, but it would not have improved Shelley in the least. We must bear it, too, in his favor that his opinions and ideas, while they never thoroughly revolutionized, became much improved in his later years; they would have become still much better, perhaps, had they been given more time.

Shelley had while yet a boy caught up the spirit of the French Revolution, the progress of which he was watching with the keenest interest. It must be noted furthermore that he had conceived it very early as the purpose of his life, "to reform mankind." It had always seemed to him that the world was full of evil and tyranny, misery and affliction, whereas there could and should be none; he traced, or thought he traced, all the misfortunes and tribulations of the people to the several forms of "current superstition"—religion and law—which they so foolishly cherished. He was really animated by a zeal to better the condition of his race. He thought to bring men back to reason, correct their misapprehensions, persuade them to throw off the curse of tyranny, and establish the reign of reason, equality and love. It need not be said that he was disappointed. But as yet his hopes of reforming the world had not been discouraged. He looked about for the means wherewith to accomplish his purpose, and thought that he had found them in the principles of materialism and atheism. But Shelley was not long finding that men did not take to his fanciful ideas of liberty and love as he had thought. Though he resented somewhat the indifference with which his propositions were met, it seems to have cooled his ardor. Even in his wildest enthusiasm we must credit Shelley with a certain bit of good judgment. He did not publish his "Queen Mab" because

he thought himself "too young to be a judge of controversies," and he wished, he said, "to acquire that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism." There is here something of humility, if not an intimation that after all he believed that some importance should be attached to the common consent and approval of mankind. The changes in his philosophy we shall notice in connection with his several poems.

While yet at the University, Shelley with the aid of his friend, Hogg, wrote and published a tract entitled, the "Necessity of Atheism." The two of them were called before the Faculty and formally expelled. Shelley tried to tell the Board that England was a free country, but they would not listen. Not long after his expulsion, Shelley, not yet twenty, "met and married" Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen. The union seemed fortunate enough for a while, but after three years Shelley ruthlessly abandoned her in favor of Mary Godwin, daughter of the author mentioned above. Of this and other of his social relations we shall say nothing. Those acquainted with his biography must know that nothing can be said in his favor unless it be that the second wife proved to be, as a matter of fact, a more suitable companion for the poet than the first. It would have been more fortunate for the poet's fame if the history of his private life had been "buried with his bones," for it necessarily blurs our appreciation of his work. Yet, we must feel with Dr. Arnold that, despite the much that is odious and unpardonable, "the original, ideal, angelic Shelley subsists."

Being tired of England, and having socially ostracized himself by his matrimonial transactions, Shelley moved to Italy, the then favorite resort of English litterateurs. He enjoyed here the company of Byron, Hogg, Leigh Hunt, and a few others whose society he greatly relished. He went back to England once, but his welcome was neither broad nor hearty, and his stay was short. Besides, he preferred the southern climate and the Italian scenes and scenery. He was drowned in 1823 in the Gulf of Spezzia during a storm. He had lived but twenty-nine years, but long enough to make for himself a place in the first class of poets.

Before passing to his poetry it may be worth the while to remark some of his personal characteristics. Shelley was at bottom, we believe, much better than the principles

which guided and the circumstances which developed him. Several of the natural virtues he possessed in their fullness; he was kind, generous, frank, and in no way selfish. Self-confident and without conceit he was indifferent to criticism and flattery alike. He was that capable of sympathy that he would readily deprive himself at any time for the stranger's comfort. More than once in others' distress he was unfeigningly, unconsciously heroic. He was the "friend of the unfriended poor." The very impulsiveness of his nature, which was the cause of most of his errors, might have been a most remarkable power for good had it been given a better chance to work in the right direction. According to the testimony of those who knew him best, Shelley was a most agreeable companion, and a favorite with those among whom he moved. With his serious faults, we must allow him much natural nobility. Graceful by nature, prepossessing in appearance, gentlemanly in bearing, and cultured in speech, it may be said that he approached the perfection of pagan refinement. He was, however, as several critics have well observed, wholly lacking in the humorous instinct—something not uncommon in men of his type. He possessed his share of tact, but his humorous side, if he had any, was never developed. The fact is particularly evident in some of his private letters. Had he had a better appreciation of the incongruous, he would have avoided, no doubt, several of the blunders to which he was committed by his unsuspecting sincerity.

There is considerable disagreement as to the kind and character of the poet's conscience: but there need be no wonder when it is so difficult to analyze the ordinary conscience of the ordinary man. Some have attributed to him a very delicate sense of right and wrong, some, a flexible conscience, while others grant him none at all. His conscience, it appears, was as strict as his principles. If by conscience we understand ordinary scruple, Shelley had none. He lacked the very principles on which our obligation rests. But it should not be thought that Shelley was incapable of moral distinction, or that he knew nothing of regret. In several points he was more sensitive than many men of superior principle. In religion and morality, perhaps, the truest thing that may be said concerning Shelley is that he affords a sad example of human reason relying solely on its own powers.



We become well acquainted with Shelley only after long association. In order to appreciate his poems fully, it is necessary to read and reread them in much the same manner that we study a drama of Shakspeare. At first we get little more than a mere outline, some names and a story of more or less interest; but with each successive reading this outline fills and swells with meaning. To those who have not read Shelley's poetry, or those who have read it indifferently, a review can be neither interesting nor intelligible.

When Shelley finished at Eton he had already written several romances and poems, but their merit was slender. He sent a poem in some eight cantos to Campbell for criticism and was told that there were "but two good lines in it." While at Oxford he wrote "Queen Mab," his first poem of note. In point of principle this is the worst of Shelley's productions. It goes to the very end of mad sophistry and atheistic speculation. The idealist and dreamer is discovered at the very opening of the poem:

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep.  
One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
With lips of lurid blue;  
The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave,  
It blushes o'er the world:  
Yet both so passing wonderful.

Considered merely as to form the workmanship of this poem is remarkable. Noël has called it the greatest poem ever written by so young an author. There is indeed as much evidence of the master as of the dreamer. The verse is sometimes faulty in structure, but never monotonous, and the diction is as powerful as luxuriant. This early poem shows Shelley's most notable literary characteristics: power in abstraction, power of imagination, and power in expression. The descriptive portions are highly poetic, and could we but detach them from the body of the poem, they could be appreciated as marvels of beauty. But "Queen Mab" can not be held a gem in letters. Its purpose is too pernicious, its substance too despicable. It is to be regretted that one so young and so powerful had not been given better material wherefrom he might have constructed a poem worthy of his genius and an everlasting credit to youth.

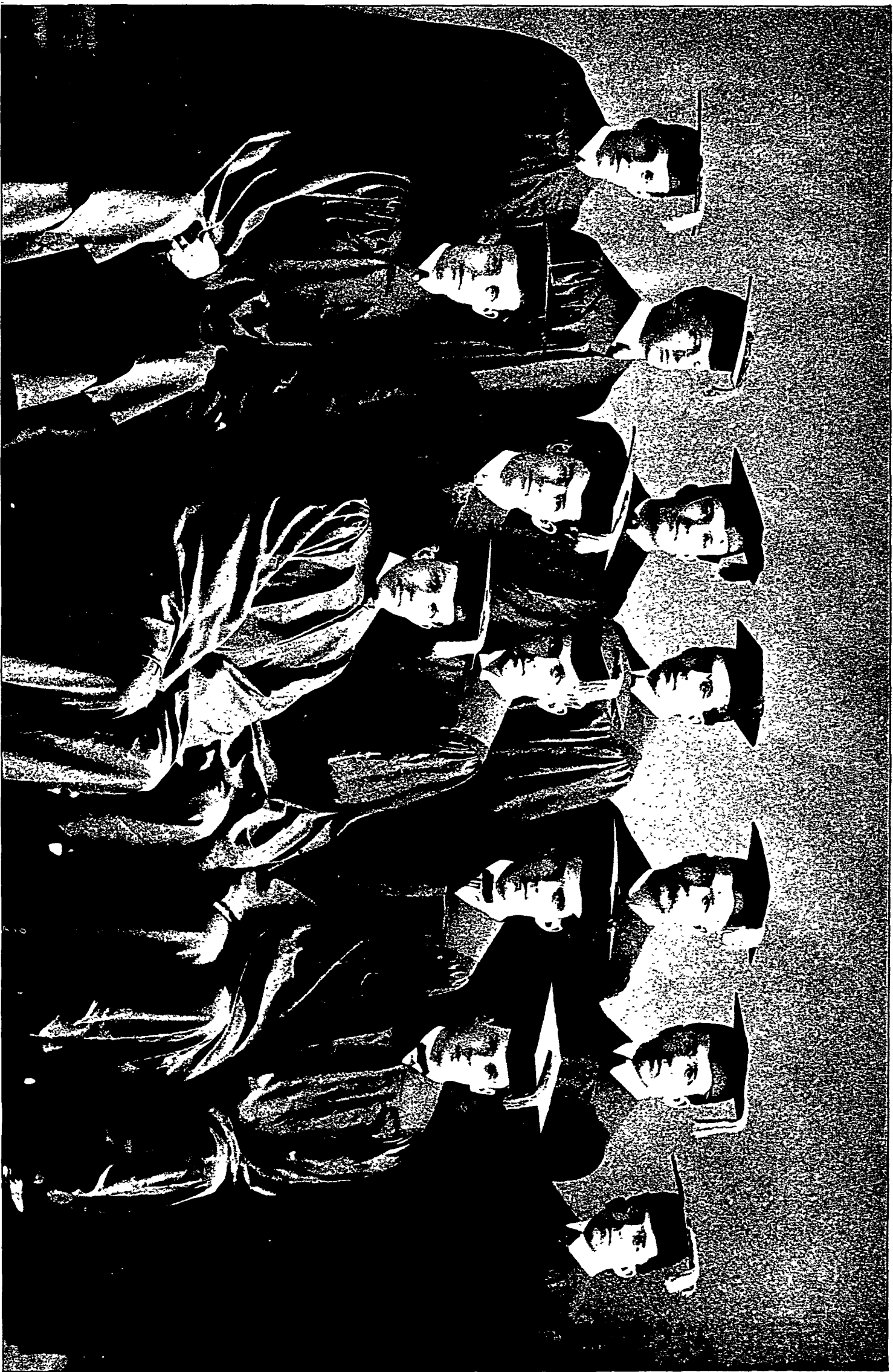
Shelley's next production of length was "Alastor." It is very different in tone and substance from "Queen Mab." One reason was, no doubt, that Shelley had already seen the impracticability of some of his cherished

dreams of social reform. But his philosophy itself had undergone an important change since the composition of his first poem. Much as he had petted the theory of atoms, and atoms only, Shelley could not be satisfied with such prosaic stuff as materialism. He wanted something better, and accepted the scepticism of Hume. Before he had believed in nothing but matter; now he doubted even that, conceiving nothing more than the indefinable *ego*. Such a principle—though he was never fully satisfied with this one—could be more easily worked into the kind of poetry that Shelley was bound to write. It can hardly be said that there is philosophy of any sort in "Alastor," but it is his change of creed more than anything that accounts for its absence. There is in "Alastor" an evident advance in style. The poet is working off much of his earlier luxuriance without sacrificing anything of his former intensity.

In "The Revolt of Islam," the lengthiest of his poems, Shelley pictures the struggle of a people made desperate by oppressive authorities. They enjoy the triumph of upsetting the old institutions and establishing the reign of love and natural good will. Much the same idea runs through the drama, "Prometheus." Aside from their rebellious spirit, both are fine productions. The poet's genius is noticeably evolving, and his grasp widening with experience and study.

His next composition was the "Cenci," a drama which rehearses scenes and crimes too horrible for contemplation. The tragedy is based on the historic incident of Italian life, but there are a few facts of history that should be suppressed to a certain extent and never dramatized. The "Cenci," however, is not without dramatic merit. Many think that Shelley knew nothing of human nature; that he was versed in faeries and phantoms only. This drama disproves it; its characterization is natural and varied, and much of its sentiment and feeling is the common sentiment and feeling of mankind.

Two or three critics have called "Adonais" the greatest of the world's elegies. This is not an impartial judgment, perhaps, but the beautiful memorial is truly a worthy lament of a poet over a poet. There is, as Mrs. Shelley observes, much in "Adonais" which now seems more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. Shelley was unwittingly sketching his own life and aspirations, prefiguring his



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own death, and writing his own lament. The elegy may not offer the highest kind of consolation, but after reading some of the earlier poems one is delighted to find here nothing poetically absurd. There are, however, to be detected some evidences of a new system of philosophy. The fact is that the author has now tired of Hume and scepticism, and become a disciple of Plato. The Greek's theory of ideas—of perfect and eternal archetypes and the unreality of visible phenomena—lent itself even more admirably than scepticism to Shelley's disposition; it furnished just what his genius demanded, a phantom world. From Plato's idea of beauty he moulded his spirit of beauty, which is so

perseveringly worshipped in his poetry, though it is frequently addressed by other names, as Nature, Love, Delight. But Shelley seems never to have grasped or appreciated Plato's idea of a Supreme Good, a personal, loving and lovable God.

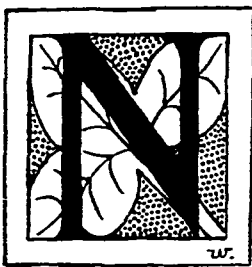
After all, the long poems have contributed nothing to the fame of their author, nor can it be said that they have not received of the world all the appreciation they deserve. There is art in them, often a high degree, but it is art squandered. "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam" and "The Witch of Atlas" may awe the reader, but they frequently disgust and sometimes irritate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Reply of the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte on Receiving the Lætare Medal.

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NO one can feel so strongly, because no one can know so well as I do my unworthiness at once of the honor bestowed on me by Notre Dame University and of the kind and flattering words with which it has been conferred. Of myself I shall say nothing, but in the acknowledgment of this great and unmerited compliment I shall dwell for a few moments on some convictions which I am, I think, generally known to hold, some principles of conduct which I have long and publicly professed, accepting the action of the trustees and faculty and its indorsement by Your Eminence as an approval, not of me, but of them.

A man of fifty-two years must have witnessed many far-reaching changes, many momentous events, but, in my own belief, he can have seen nothing of more profound significance to humanity than the rapid spread, the strong and healthy growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. It is almost startling to glance for an instant at the mere outward show, the purely material features, of this growth. At the close of the Revolution American Catholics constituted, according to the most trustworthy estimates, about four-fifths of one per cent of the entire population. Of one thousand Americans barely eight were Catholics. To-day they number probably sixteen per cent. While our nation has grown twenty-five fold, our communion has grown more than five-hundred fold. In so saying I think only of Americans in continental

America. If we include in the number Porto Ricans and Filipinos it follows that at least one-fourth of those who owe allegiance to our government own themselves spiritual children of the See of Rome.

Of themselves these facts claim the attention of churchmen and statesmen, of reflecting men of every profession and every opinion, be they Catholics or Protestants or neither, in our day and country. But they are, as I have suggested, outward, material facts only. The true lesson taught by the rapid and vigorous growth of the Catholic Church in America, if slightly less obvious than the growth itself, is vastly more significant. Fifty years ago most Protestants, and even many Catholics, believed that American institutions and Catholic doctrines were essentially antagonistic; that the Church could exist in our republic as an exotic only; that if she ever became a factor of moment in our polity, either her teaching or our principles of government must and would be radically changed.

Know-Nothings in the days of my childhood and A. P. A.'s in recent years were enemies of the Church, who professed to fear lest she should abuse and finally destroy American liberty. Most of our separated brethren have complacently hoped, some among ourselves may have secretly feared, lest American liberty should infect and finally poison the spiritual loyalty of American Catholics.

The past half century has shown these hopes and fears and theories to be all alike groundless. The Catholic Church is at home



in the American republic. She is here to stay, and, while staying, not to languish, but to live with a buoyant, healthy life. And, to my mind at least, it is no less certain that she is here not to undermine, but to strengthen our political liberties; not to pervert, and thus control, but to sustain and purify our popular government.

Believing this, I have always held it my evident duty as an American Catholic to do what little I might to commend our Church to the confidence and respect and affection of Americans who are not Catholics, and as I have grown older my conviction has been every day strengthened that this can and will be done only through the worthiness of her children.

A Catholic, whether of the clergy or the laity, who commands the esteem of all his

remember that a man can have but one country, if he has in very truth a country at all. America is the home of exiles of many races, climes, tongues and creeds; all kinds and conditions of men are welcome here, and out of all have been made, are daily made, good Americans. But to become Americans in the sense which makes them verily and indeed our brethren they must cease to be something else; they must have left their old homes forever, and in these all prejudices or passions, all enmities and quarrels which might make them forget even for a moment that they are Americans and Americans only.

It is of yet greater moment to the Church to have her children truly believe, and show forth by their lives how truly they do believe, that no man can be a good Catholic who is



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fellow-citizens, of whatever faith, lives a sermon which will soften prejudice and silence slander against his Church as can no other. A Catholic tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty inflicts an injury on the honorable standing, on the salutary influence of the Catholic Church in our country which no learning and no eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow-countrymen not of our faith believe that Catholics can be men of honor and patriotism when they see Catholics who are such men. Unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit, we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree which bears it.

I think there are two important truths whereof American Catholics should be ever specially mindful, because to a casual eye they seem to be sometimes forgotten by some American Catholics. We should always

not also a good citizen; that the obligations of loyal obedience to constituted civil authority, of faithful and zealous fulfilment of the several duties imposed on each member of society by the law of the land, obligations which have been ever and everywhere unequivocally recognized and emphatically proclaimed by the Church, rest sacredly upon every freeman in a self-governing republic, and forbid any surrender to selfishness or cowardice or sloth, any compromise with iniquity or dishonor, in the work which his country demands of him.

It is not enough that this doctrine be affirmed in our catechism or declared by our preachers; it must be recognized in our lives. When there shall be no unworthy citizen who is also in name a Catholic, the Catholic Church in America will have no enemy whom any good man would wish to be her friend.

I take from your hands, Venerable Father, this medal, which the University of Notre Dame has awarded me, as the symbol of its and of your sympathy with the sentiments I have thus expressed, and with the purpose which in the past has inspired my feeble and unworthy efforts to give some practical form to these sentiments. I hope the University will never in future lack a more-deserving recipient for this coveted honor, but, if I have rightly interpreted its choice in this instance, it will never sanction with its great authority principles more vital to the mission of the Church or the welfare of society in this vast republic.

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Address.\*

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It is an agreeable duty to participate in the dedication of this magnificent monument. The beauty of its design and the skill of its workmanship may fittingly command our attention and admiration, but its true significance is not revealed by its external features or impressive appearance. It is not on account of its conspicuous shaft, symmetrical proportions and artistic effect that we cherish and give expression to feelings of pride and pleasure on beholding it. No! There is something still deeper—what it typifies rather than itself.

It is the spirit of patriotism. We have the form in this splendid and stately shaft with its appropriate figures, but the spirit of which it is typical draws its inspiration from every battlefield and cemetery under the folds of our starry flag. And I believe that if proper occasion were again to arise it would be found ready for the emergency and as prevalent and potential as ever. It is and must continue to be vigilant and assertive as a condition to the continuity unimpaired of our free institutions. There is, happily, a manifestation of it in these exercises, which are designed to perpetuate the memory and deeds of those who donned the blue and went to the front in the gloomy days of our civil strife.

They and their surviving comrades well deserve these honors. For ages and ages, long after all of us shall have answered the inexorable summons of grim mortality, this monument will stand as a tribute to

their patriotic services and heroic sacrifices.

Many who are listening to me shared for months and years in the privations, marches and battles of the civil war. You know, comrades—for we all had common points of experience—what it is to plod through deep mud and wade on the march by day and night the fordable creeks and rivers in the way. You have been on guard duty, on picket, on the skirmish line and in the rifle-pits; you have heard the deafening din of battle, the rolling fire of musketry, the peal on peal of cannon and field artillery, the answering crashes of exploding shells, the sharp intermingling notes of bugles, the cries of pain and distress from wounded and dying comrades.

The picture may be recalled with vividness even after all these years. One may again see regiments wheel into line under flaunting flags and the sheen of bristling bayonets. They form brigades and dash forward with shout and cheer, charging upon blood-stained ground across the forms of prostrate men and the debris of battle. The fire of the enemy rapidly increases and small arms and artillery vie in a discord of horror and the appalling work of destruction. Great gaps appear in the advancing ranks, and at every step men fall wounded, mangled, killed. But the survivors falter not. They still dash on and disappear in the fire and smoke hanging over the scene of conflict.

Horror covers all the heath  
Clouds shut out the light of sun;  
Sisters, weave the web of death;  
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

But I must not permit myself to enlarge upon this phase of the subject. Many of you have beheld these things. And what a deep and lasting impression they made. Never can we forget those scenes. Through time and vicissitudes they will bind us together by fraternal ties.

Still o'er those scenes the memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

We are proud that it was our privilege to be useful to our country in the day of its great trial. We feel honored by the scars and wounds received on those southern battlefields. Though some of us are, perhaps, too frequently reminded of them by the pains and disabilities with which they are attended, yet even these do not make us regret that it fell to our lot in battle to receive them.

Through all the states of the confederacy

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\* Delivered June 25 by Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, at the dedication of the new soldiers' and sailors' monument, South Bend, Ind.

and the states bordering upon it, our armies marched and fought memorable battles. And with what signal bravery our citizen soldiers fought, with what heroic courage they persisted through years of war, with what sublime fortitude they died! The government very properly set apart national cemeteries for the reception of the remains of the gallant men who died at the front, and there they lie, near the fields where they fell. Though their bones molder into dust, yet the remembrance of their valor can not fall or become obscured, for

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead

They fought in vindication of the noblest cause for which Americans have contended since the days of Washington. They fought to save the Union established by the revolutionary fathers. They fought to exalt labor to a higher plane by striking from it the shackles of slavery. They fought for the maintenance and perpetuity of our free institutions.

The record they made for bravery, courage and fortitude in those gloomy years of war, not alone in battle, but on the weary march and while 'tenting on the old camp ground,' is a revelation to military tacticians and the wonder of the world. And under the shining sun in its diurnal sweep of all the zones there are no hearts that beat more truly for country than the hearts of the men that survive the privations and perils of the civil war. Not more truly points the needle to the pole than does their affection to the flag they saved. For them no toleration of lawlessness and injustice; no compromise with the abhorrent principles of anarchy; no laxity of vigilance to discover and exclude the insidious elements that with octopus tentacles are striving ever to fasten themselves to our social and political life in the evil interest of corrupting our institutions and destroying liberty; no cowardly or puerile subservience to arrogant and aggressive might or tyrannical power; no substitution, through fear or favor, of insincerity and mendacity for just censure and honest candor; no sentimental or emotional fudge to blind the eyes and mislead the judgment in forming an estimate of public men touching their honesty and sincerity, character and manliness, ability and common sense, honor and personal merit.

Let not this generation, or succeeding

generations, forget the debt of gratitude, deep and lasting, due to the brave and patriotic men that offered all they had—even life itself—for the integrity and perpetuity of the Union. Let monuments be erected, the annually recurring ceremonies of Memorial day observed, and the emblem of our country's sovereignty placed by loving hands on the graves of comrades gone to the other shore.

This monument will contribute to perpetuate in grateful remembrance the patriotic services of the soldiers and sailors of St. Joseph County, wheresoever they were born, or died, or may die. Our county honors itself by the solicitude and generosity it has shown to fulfil amply its patriotic duty in this regard.

May this imposing monument symbolize for posterity the patriotism of those who heeded the call to arms when the nation was struggling on the verge of despair under the gathering storm and wrathful lightnings of open defiance and secession; when the Union was shaken and tossed by the whirlwind of insensate passion and the earthquake of internecine war and destruction; when the stages goaded to sectional hate and hostilities by an ill-fated heritage that survived the revolution, were on the point of falling into fragments and governmental chaos.

May this graceful shaft, in the dignity of its noble office, teach by its silence a more impressive lesson than human lips can utter regarding the patriotic deeds and sacrifices of those who served their country in the war and passed to the silent city of the dead.

May all that it implies of devotion to duty in behalf of home and country be an incentive to posterity to cherish hope in free government, to save our institutions from the stain of corruption and the weakness of frivolity, to work ever toward the light of a more perfect day in the domain of freedom and justice, to contribute by heart and hand in the exercise of zeal and public spirit to keep our republic, as it has long been, *the* world power, without parallel in its freedom and opportunities for the industrious and enterprising rather than to let it sink to the comparative degeneracy of what many call *a* world power, which impliedly places it on a level with European monarchies.

Such I conceive to be the true significance of the monument that we to-day dedicate. May it never fail to inspire the beholder with feelings of true patriotism, sincere respect for law and honest pride of citizenship.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Only one-half, we need not say the better half, of the vacation is still before us. This edition of the SCHOLASTIC, coming as it does in the mid-summer, is not out expressly to remind old friends that the good days of rest and recreation are fast slipping away. We all realize this only too well; but it has another purpose, and hence it expects to be a welcome visitor everywhere.

At the University there has not been a dull day since Commencement, for the Very Rev. President and his corps of assistants have been on the alert since that date putting into execution their plans for the further improvement of the various halls. There is always a considerable amount of repairing and remodelling to be done in vacation, but this year the improvements decided upon were unusually extensive, and the gratifying results that arrest the attention in every quarter, fully compensate for the enormous outlay they made necessary. In the administration building alone several squads of mechanics were employed to overhaul the class-rooms, dormitories and offices; in fact, every nook and corner seems to have undergone some desirable change. The Carroll and Brownson refectories were refloored and thoroughly renovated, and with their tasty new outfit of table ware they present a very cheerful appearance. In the large main corridor of the parlor flat the clinking of hammers and the brisk grind of the polishers have been incessant for the past five weeks. As a result a handsome mosaic floor of white carrara marble now leaves nothing wanting here.

The students' chapel of the Sacred Heart received, as usual, its full share of attention. Prof. Green of the Department of Electricity is directing a full force of electricians here, and he expects to complete the wiring of the chapel by the 15th inst. According to the plan of lighting he is following, nearly 1000 lights will be required. We can imagine the additional effect this will have on the evening

services which are always remarkable for their splendor and also for the devotion they inspire.

A large body of strikingly good students left the University last Commencement day to enjoy a well-merited vacation. It is always Notre Dame's blessing to have a goodly number of young men who aim to fill places of honor not only here but especially in the fields they choose for future usefulness. Last year's graduating class, that numbered so many wide-awake, earnest workers, was typical of Notre Dame's work, and, to use the words of judges who are not given to praising unduly, it would reflect credit on any live institution in the land. The outlook for the coming class is as bright and as full of promise. The register indicates that all the courses will have their full quota of students, and there is reason to hope that the coming men will reach a standard some notches higher than that which satisfied in the past. The privilege of a free room, hitherto granted only to the two highest classes, viz., Seniors and Juniors, will this year be extended to the Sophomores, and this principally to stimulate their very best exertions in every line. They will prove worthy of their boon,—we are judging from the past—and the example of all the older students makes one proud of the colors they wear. The SCHOLASTIC wishes you all a very enjoyable time for the remainder of the merry season and a safe, happy return to the old home.

—The following letter which the Chicago daily *Tribune* publishes may be interesting reading for many a parent in doubt about the advisability of sending his son to a boarding school. The editor's reply to the same will be found truthful, and it is to be hoped that it will prove convincing to any who are disposed to speculate about the matter.

South Bend, Ind.,—[Editor of the Tribune.—] I have a boy of thirteen to whom I wish to give the best possible education. I want to know if it is wise to take a boy of that age, ready to enter the high school, from good home influences to put him in a preparatory school with a herd of boys for the possible educational advantage it may be in his studies.

What are the distinct advantages of preparatory school work over high school work considered as preparatory work? What is the advantage of military discipline, and what are the arguments against it?

Yours truly,

CARRIE W. REYNOLD.

Putting the boy in a preparatory school "with a herd of boys" is the great advantage of boarding schools over high schools. A good high school offers as many chances for book learning as a boarding school, but the high school does not offer the same chances for boys to associate with each other and rub each others' sharp corners off. A boy at boarding school, mingled with many other boys of his own age, is strongly encouraged by his environment to acquire a certain independence and sturdiness of character. His troubles he must fight out for himself. He can not have them removed by petition to his fond parents. Meeting for himself his boyhood troubles will make him far abler to meet his manhood troubles when they come.

If a boy goes to boarding school arrogant and impressed with his own importance he will quickly have the conceit knocked out of him. He may be surprised and pained to find that whereas he ruled, as by right divine, in his own family, yet he can not lord it one little bit over his classmates at school. It is good for him to learn that his personal importance is really no greater than that of others. And the pain he suffers in making the discovery is far less than it would be after he had grown to manhood and had formed the habit of conceit.

Our correspondent seems to fear that the moral tone of the boarding-school boys is not particularly rigid. We think she is mistaken. Boys away from home are usually a clean, healthy-minded lot—rough, careless, thoughtless, possibly too fond of athletics, but in nowise vicious. Of course there are exceptions; and so are there exceptions among boys brought up in good home influences.

As a general proposition, the more a boy associates with other boys of his own age the more manly he will become. It is mistaken kindness to him to coddle him at home and shelter him from the rough justice of his fellows. For they are pretty just in their estimates.

As to military discipline, we should say that, other things being equal, it is a desirable thing. If a boy expects to go to West Point or Annapolis a little preliminary drilling is an excellent thing. But in any event some sort of thorough discipline, whether military or civil, is advisable. The schoolmasters who let the boys have their own way usually come to grief.

#### An Interesting Ceremony.

The Lætare Medal, the highest honor within the gift of Notre Dame University and annually conferred on some Catholic layman for distinguished service to religion and humanity, was this year given to the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, lawyer and philanthropist, of Baltimore, Maryland. On June 29, the presentation took place in the residence of Cardinal Gibbons, and besides His Eminence and Mr. Bonaparte, there were present the Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., representing Notre Dame University, Mgr. Denis J. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University, the Rev. Dr. William A. Fletcher, rector of the cathedral, and the Rev. P. C. Gavin, chancellor of the archdiocese.

The following is a copy of the address which accompanied the medal:

"SIR—On each recurring Lætare Sunday the University of Notre Dame bestows a medal on some Catholic layman who is adjudged to have rendered distinguished service to the Church and to our country. John Gilmary Shea, Patrick Keeley, Eliza Allen Starr, John Newton, Patrick V. Hickey, Anna Hanson Dorsey, William T. Onahan, Daniel Dougherty, Henry F. Brownson, Patrick Donahue, Mary A. Sadlier, Augustine Daly, William Stark Rosecrans, Thomas Addis Emmet, Timothy E. Howard, Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, John A. Creighton, W. Bourke Cockran and John Benjamin Murphy, have each in turn received this medal, which has taken on a new dignity and value by reason of the great names associated with it.

In selecting the medalist this year the University has turned to you, sir, as one in every way worthy to be added to that honorable company. You have proved yourself a loyal son of Mother Church, a distinguished member of your chosen profession, a citizen as conspicuous for your high ideals of civic duty as for your personal integrity in private life.

What America demands of the patriot chiefly is, not that he die for his country, but that he live for it. Because you have cherished this high ideal, because you have not feared to champion unpopular causes, because you have battled for purity in public and in private life, therefore the University of Notre Dame confers on you its Lætare medal, and fervently prays Divine Providence to grant you many years of fruitful labor in the



cause of religion and good citizenship."

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who formally presented the medal, commended Notre Dame's choice of the recipient whom he eulogized unstintingly. The response made by Mr. Bonaparte will be found in another part of this paper and reflects that gentleman's character and ideals admirably well. He emphasizes particularly the necessity of Catholics *being* what they profess to be. Not only does the merely nominal Catholic disedify his fellows within the fold, but he

#### The Chapels at Notre Dame.

The Chapels at Notre Dame appeal very strongly to the thoughtful Catholic student. Each Hall has a place set aside to be especially given to religious practices. There, in seclusion and quiet, a spiritual refreshment is afforded the fervent lover of prayer. At the larger halls the students assemble in their respective chapels for morning and evening prayer, where also the Sacrifice of the



discourages many without from entering, and furnishes a welcome argument to those ignorant or prejudiced persons who mistake men for principles. Eminent as a lawyer, Mr. Bonaparte has been recently chosen by President Roosevelt to assist in the prosecution of the Post Office scandals. Long may his brilliant talents be at the service of Church and State, and may Notre Dame always find as worthy a recipient of her Latare Medal.

MACD,

Mass is offered each morning. Therefore the recent interest and liberality exhibited by the students toward beautifying these spots dedicated to the worship of God is a source of much gratification. No place should be more frequented or more religiously appointed than the student-chapel. And since pleasure given the eye by way of fitting decoration may aid the disposition of the heart and mind toward prayer and meditation, each student should feel a personal interest in his respective chapel.



SORIN HALL CHAPEL.

The Sorin Hall chapel underwent great improvement last year when a new altar was placed there. The walls were frescoed and five stained-glass windows were put in. A list of student contributors—nearly as large as last year's roll-call—testifies to the interest taken by the classmen of Sorin Hall in their chapel. As a slight recognition of this liberality the names of those who gave toward refitting the chapel are here made mention:

Messrs. Herbert, Jr., Guerra, Burkitt, Jr., H. Davitt and Prof. John

Ewing in memory of Philemon B. Ewing and Mary R. Gillespie his wife, each gave a stained-glass window. Four statues were donated by Messrs. Garza, Falomir, Sweeny, Wilson and Krost; and the engraved plate at the foot of the new altar contains these names: A. B. Krug, R. W. Wilson, R. J. Sweeny, R. A. Krost, R. M. Garza, J. M. Falomir, T. Crimmins, G. F. Ziegler, P. W. O'Grady, F. J. Petritz, A. E. Steiner, J. F. Dinnen, W. F. Dinnen, B. Madero, D. S. Madero, J. C. Kinney, F. B. O'Brien, O. D. Lins, J. F. Shea, M. T. Shea, J. P. O'Hara, A. G. Fortin, D. E. Collins, M. Gomez, P. B. O'Neill, W. F. Manier, Fred W. Meyer, J. J. Neeson, H. H. Hoover, B. Pick, O. J. White, R. E. Hanley, T. P. Stanford, I. Canedo, J. M. Gaffney, R. E. Lynch, J. F.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

Murphy, W. A. Shea, W. K. Gardiner, V. G. Jones, F. R. Voigt, T. B. Donnelly, F. Rincon, F. H. McKeever, J. R. Kelly, C. A. Gorman, D. C. Dillon, O. M. Kelly, B. V. Kanaley, W. M. Daly, O. Fox, F. Gaston, B. R. Enriquez, R. Stephan, C. M. Church, E. F. Quigley, F. Kasper, R. A. Trevino, E. F. Gilbert, P. MacDonough, F. J. Barry, W. J. Thompson, J. W. Dubbs, E. E. Whaley, W. P. Wood, L. J. Carey, G. F. McCullough, J. A. Fahey, D. K. O'Malley, G. A. Farabaugh, R. Gali, W. P. Higgins.

Saint Andrew's Chapel in Corby Hall has recently been completed and now takes a place among the most beautiful chapels at the University. The altar, valued at several

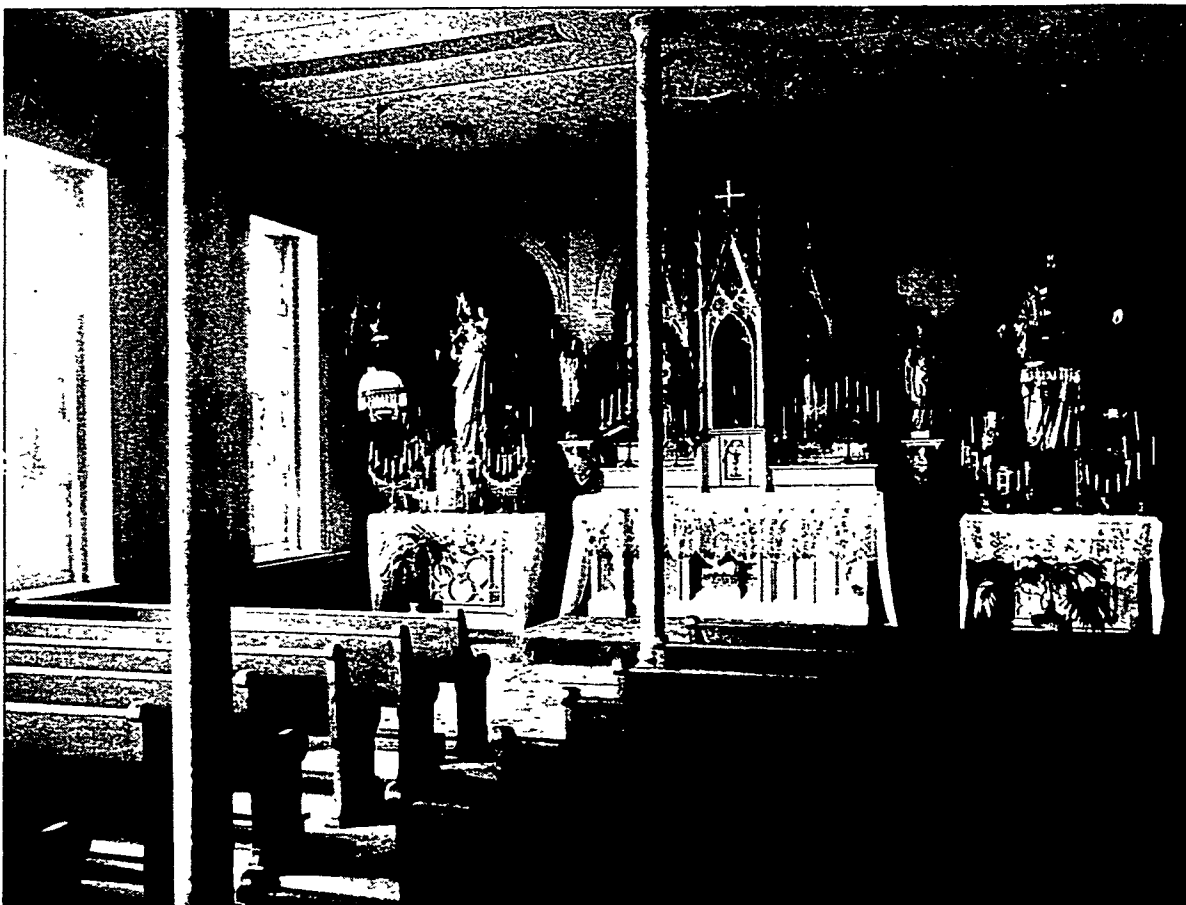


CORBY HALL CHAPEL.

hundred dollars, was the gift of F. O'Connor. Maj. Abercrombie, Jos. Kasper and Edward Schwab contributed toward the Holy Family statues, and a statue of the Sacred Heart was donated by Arthur Strassheim. Chicago decorators executed an appropriate ceiling design. The windows were donated by Charles J. Mulcrone, Neal E. Dempsey, the Graeber brothers, Frank Farrell, the Delone brothers, Edward and Mary, Guy, Mary Cecilia

McDonald, C. O'Brien and M. Kerr. There are six stained-glass windows and two beautiful transoms in St. Andrew's Chapel, donated by Messrs. Baer, Petritz and Bailey brothers. The Corby Hall chapel has been beautified at an expense and in a manner highly complimentary to the liberality of the Corby Hall students and the zeal of the rector of that Hall.

The Minim chapel in St. Edward's Hall is in keeping with the surroundings of that attractive Hall. Where the other chapels each have a



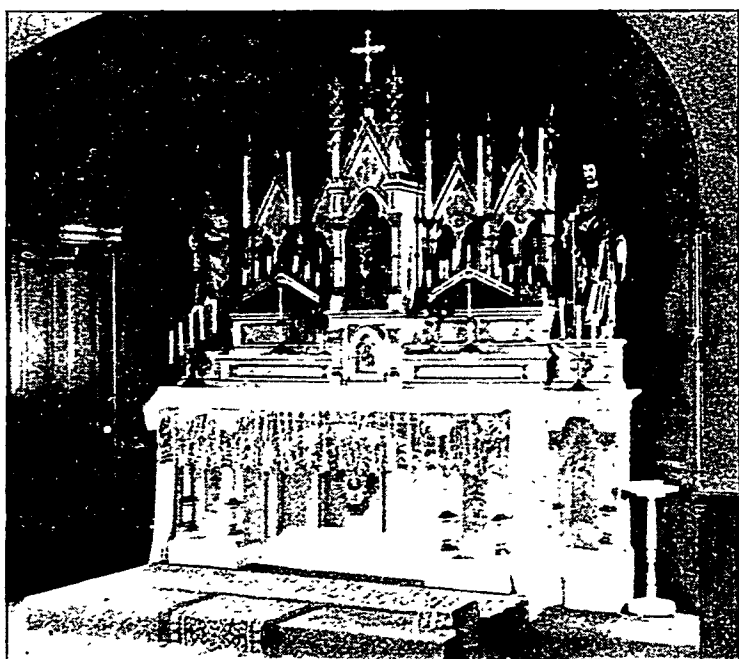
ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL.

small organ to be used in congregational singing, St. Edward's Chapel has a pipe organ and has oil paintings of Saint Teresa, Saint Anne, Saint Augustine and Saint Peter—which were respectively the gifts of Masters G. Moxley, L. J. Kelly, T. J. Noonan and J. P. Fortune. The large stained windows were donated by Masters Augustus Meehan, Thomas D. Sexton and J. Cudahy. In this chapel are the Stations of the Cross and statues of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Minims should feel proud of their chapel.

The chapel at the Holy Cross Hall consists of a large room on the second floor where there is a main altar and statues of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The decorations are of a dark, restful shade and this retreat is dear to many a seminarian's heart.

On the third floor of the Main Building is found the Faculty chapel. Here the members of the Faculty and the students of Brownson and Carroll Halls can make many a short visit. A daily Mass is said in the Faculty chapel. Upon the side walls hang the Stations of the Cross and the altar with its decorations is beautifully set between statues of the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour.

Though the chapels at Notre Dame are of much interest to the pilgrim making visits to each one in succession, his satisfaction that



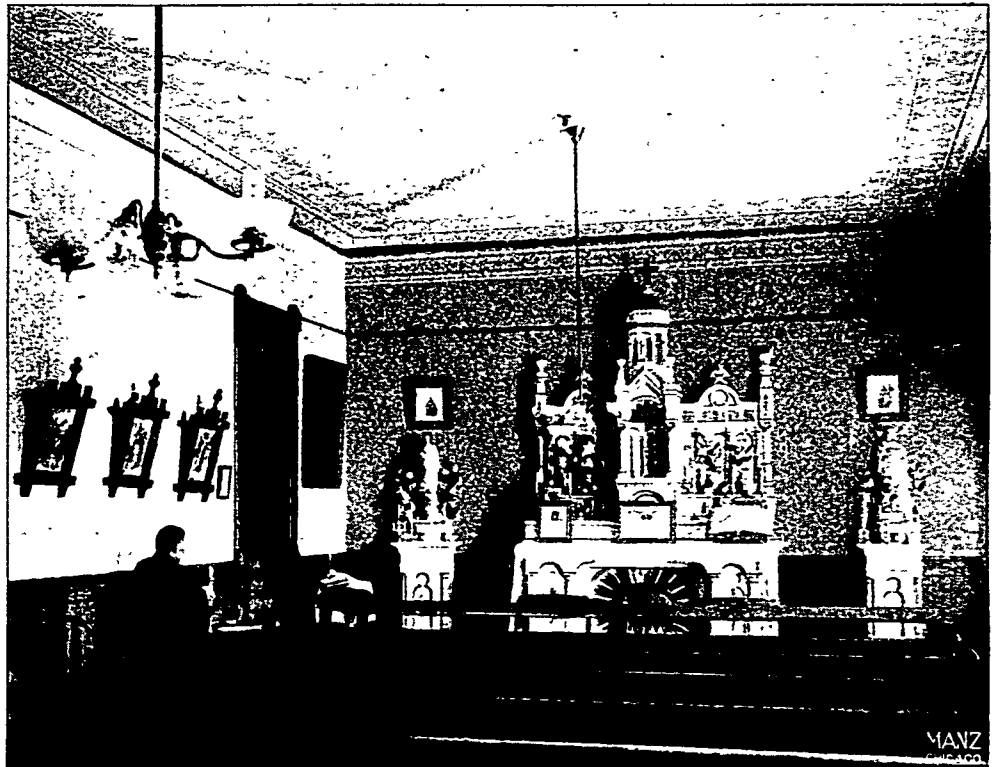
HOLY CROSS CHAPEL.

each year will find them more beautified is warranted by the past liberality of the University and the students. Old students when shown the great improvements are not surprised, if greatly pleased, for they know that the religious spirit will never wane at Notre Dame. Many prayers are offered for the well-being of past benefactors from the altars of the University chapels.

F. F. DUKETTE.

#### San Jose Park.

The new summer resort for the students of the University is situated in one of the most beautiful groves in the state of Michigan. San José Park, as the Very Reverend President has determined to name it, is about four miles from Lawton, which is on the main line of the Michigan Central and about one hour's drive from Paw Paw, Lake Cora, Cedar, and several other summer resorts in the neighborhood. The park covers sixteen acres of land, well shaded, with a beautiful lake two miles long and a half mile wide, imbedded in its forest



FACULTY CHAPEL.

of oaks and maples. The buildings are large and commodious, a new hotel 100x30, with a porch 160x12 feet and gas and water and other modern conveniences. Besides this building there are three cottages, a new chapel, a spacious dance-hall and a small store. The place is an ideal one for spending the warm months, and with all the accommodations and plenty of rowing, fishing and bathing, the boys certainly have an enjoyable time. Besides, there are several very accomplished musicians at the resort, and almost every evening they make the neighborhood resound with their songs and merry-making. Brother Hugh is in charge of the place, and is assisted by Bros. Vital and Florence.



SACRED HEART CHURCH.

In connection with this description of the place it might be well to mention that the first Sunday service at the Lake was unusually novel and impressive. The Hotel had not been quite finished and all the other buildings were also in a state of topsy-turvy, so it was impossible to find room to place an altar. Mass in the open air was decided upon. The place had formerly been the home of the Spiritualists, and some of the cottages had been utilized by them as the head-quarters of the Mediums,



WHERE THE FIRST MASS WAS CELEBRATED.

the Seance Hall, etc. Strange to say, the most suitable place that could be selected for the altar was the porch of what had formerly been the Seance Hall. And here, with the blue canopy of heaven for covering, the sweet-throated warblers of the

forest as choristers, the glorious morning sun, as the sanctuary lamp, holy Mass was celebrated in the open air. It was an interesting and inspiring spectacle for those who were fortunate enough to be present. The Reverend William McNamee was the celebrant, and Bro. Vital served. There were present, also, at this first holy Sacrifice in the Park, Bros. Hugh and Frederick, H. J. McGlew, Jasper Lawton, Charles Brennan, A. Bosworth, J. Grindall, Mrs. Quinn, Miss Josephine Quinn of Ottawa, Ill., and the writer. These formed the pioneers of San José, and their experience on this occasion was a privilege for which all were most grateful. The rest of the students remaining at the University arrived during the following week, and now the number at the resort has reached forty-five. There is still plenty of room, however, for 'jolly, good fellows,' but only such need apply.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

#### The Varsity of 1903.

THE season of 1903 was undoubtedly one of the most memorable in the history of athletics at the University. Both in track and baseball, the prospects at the beginning were the poorest, but finally a squad of candidates was collected for the baseball team which bid fair to rival the fame of any of its predecessors.

Over sixty men reported for practice at the first call of Coach Lynch. The contests for places on the team were the most spirited ever seen at Notre Dame, and as a natural result a good crowd of ball tossers were turned out. After considerable trouble, Coach Lynch selected a regular squad of fifteen men, among them being four pitchers, two catchers and two shortstops, with an outfield and infield that appeared almost invincible. Strange to say, however, after all the strong rivalry for positions and with so many really good candidates to choose from, the baseball team of 1903 was the most erratic that ever represented the University on the diamond.

The rooters expected the Gold and Blue to triumph over every other team in the West, and to see their favorites win laurels that would go down in history. Disappointments galore, however, awaited them. After opening the season at home by easily winning a few minor games and playing brilliant ball, the team began the year's list of catastrophes by falling

down before DePauw after a miserable exhibition. The team braced for the rest of the trip and played star ball. Such crack teams as Beloit, Purdue, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky fell easy victims to our prowess, while Kalamazoo and Northwestern, two teams which were practically two classes below us, trounced our fellows with remarkable ease. The Northwestern game was the biggest fizzle ever seen. The purple lads had been walloped so often that it seemed almost cruel to tackle the job, but they did it, and it was one of the few games they won.

Following close on the Northwestern farce came the Beloit game, an eleven-inning contest, and the most exciting and best-played game that has been seen on Cartier Field. Our lads won the game, and during the long struggle accepted the most difficult chances without a single misplay. In the Illinois game also, they showed their calibre, and gave the Western Champions the hardest fight of the year. Such was the season's record; the most brilliant victories following close to unexpected defeats. It's pretty hard to account for such performances. "Just luck"—is the way one rooter tersely put it, and I think he was pretty near right.

The schedule this season was a very good one. Early in the season Manager Daly arranged with the Toledo team of the American





Varsity Baseball Team.

Association for a two weeks' stay at the University. Several practice games were played with the leaguers. The South Bend team of the Central League also played a series. The college series proper was a hard one, but our fellows should have passed through with but one or two defeats.

Below we give a summary of games won and lost, also a brief sketch of each member of the team:

#### TOLEDO AMERICAN ASSOCIATION SERIES.

March 30—Toledo, 6; Notre Dame, 5. Pitchers, Mock, Carrick and Reisling, Toledo; Higgins, Notre Dame.

March 31—Toledo, 16; Notre Dame, 9. Pitchers, McNeal, Upp, Bernard, Toledo; Burns, Hammer, N. D.

April 2—Toledo, 9; Notre Dame, 4. Pitchers, Carrick, Reisling, Toledo; Stack, Desmond, Notre Dame.

April 6—Toledo, 3; Notre Dame, 0. Carrick, Toledo; Hogan and Opfergelt, Notre Dame.

April 7—Toledo, 1; Notre Dame, 2. Reisling, Toledo; Murphy and Higgins, Notre Dame.

April 8—Toledo, 5; Notre Dame, 3.

Of the South Bend series Notre Dame won four and lost but one.

#### COLLEGE SERIES.

April 22 at Notre Dame—Kalamazoo, 6; Notre Dame, 14 (Pitcher, Higgins).

April 26—Hillsdale, 0; Notre Dame, 24. (Hogan).

April 28 at Greencastle—DePauw, 7; Notre Dame, 4 (Higgins).

April 29 at Bloomington—Indiana, 1; Notre Dame, 7 (Murphy).

April 30 at Champaign—Illinois, 8; Notre Dame, 5 (Ruehlbach).

May 2 at Beloit—Beloit, 6; Notre Dame, 12 (Murphy).

May 6 at Notre Dame—DePauw, 1; Notre Dame, 10 (Ruehlbach).

May 1 at Lawrence—Lawrence, 4; Notre Dame, 7 (Higgins).

May 8 at Notre Dame—Nebraska, 2; Notre Dame, 13 (Higgins).

May 12 at Notre Dame—Ohio Wesleyan, 0; Notre Dame, 11 (Ruehlbach).

May 15 at Notre Dame—Kentucky, 3; Notre Dame, 4 (Hogan).

May 16 at Notre Dame—Purdue, 1; Notre Dame, 8 (Higgins).

May 19 at Notre Dame—Northwestern, 9; Notre Dame, 8 (Ruehlbach).

May 22 at Notre Dame—Indiana, 2; Notre Dame, 7 (Higgins).

May 26 at Notre Dame—Dennison, 5; Notre Dame, 12 (Hogan).

May 28 at Notre Dame—Beloit, 2; Notre Dame, 3; 11 innings (Ruehlbach).

June 1 at Notre Dame—Illinois, 4; Notre Dame, 2 (Ruehlbach).

May 30 at Kalamazoo—Kalamazoo, 2; Notre Dame, 0 (Higgins).

June 3 at Newark, O.—Dennison, 4; Notre Dame, 7 (Ruehlbach and Hogan).

June 4 at Delaware—O. Wesleyan, 5; Notre Dame, 2.

June 5 at Columbus—O. S. U., 1; N. D., 2 (Ruehlbach).

June 6 at Lafayette—Purdue, 1; N. D., 2 (Higgins).

The Varsity easily retained their title of State Champions, their old-time rivals, Indiana and Purdue falling before them. From these records it will be seen that Higgins and Ruehlbach did the major portion of the twirling. Murphy was obliged to leave school early on account of sickness, and Hogan's arm, which was badly strained in the winter, did not come around in form until late in the season. The two first mentioned gentlemen pitched wonderful ball all season; and had the team behind them played as consistent a game as they ought there would have been but few defeats.

#### ANTON C. STEPHAN (Capt. and 1st).

Stephan is the most reliable man on the team and a plugger from start to finish. He led the team in fielding, and in batting, base running and general all-around work he was among the top-notchers. This is but the Captain's second year in baseball, but during that time he has made a very creditable record as guardian of the initial bag. He has been selected to Captain the team again next season.

#### F. J. SHAUGHNESSY (Centre Field).

"Shag" is a brilliant fielder and base runner, and a decidedly clever man in tight corners, and where nerve and daring are required to win out he is the Nonpareil. While his hitting this season was a little lower than last year, still he hit when needed. He is developing into a good bunter. This is his second year on the Varsity. He has finished his regular course but may return next season.

#### ROY E. GAGE (2d Base).

Gage did not hit as well this year as last, but his good, consistent work and conscientious plugging more than made up for any defects in this respect. He is the best place hitter and bunter on the team, and has but few equals in the West in bunting. This is his second year. He will return.

#### DANIEL O'CONNOR (3d Base).

Dan is naturally a fielder, but because of his quickness and agility in getting around he was shifted to third base where he made good. He is very fast on scooping up bunts and handles himself easy and gracefully. His hitting was weak, due undoubtedly to his efforts to slug the ball. He will be with us again.

#### HARRY G. HOGAN (Pitcher).

Hogan when in form is a steady, reliable

twirler. This season, however, he was unfortunate in having strained his arm in the winter, and this accident prevented him from doing any of the heavy work. This is his third year on the team.

WM. P. HIGGINS (Pitcher).

If any man on the team deserves credit for his work, it is "Bill" Higgins. At the time when all the other twirlers were laid up, "Bill" pitched game after game without flinching, and not only won them all, but established several new records for college players. He was cool and steady under fire, with plenty of speed and curves and good control, and in addition was one of the headiest men on the team. This is his third year on the team, and although he graduated in law this year, we hope to see him with us again.

LAWRENCE E. ANTOINE.

The big gap left by the absence of "Peaches" O'Neill was very creditably filled by Antoine and Doar. Antoine is the best hitter on the team and possesses a wonderful arm, but is a little inclined to become confused in a fast play. This tendency will wear away, however, after a short time. This is his second year on the team. He will be valuable next season.

JAMES L. DOAR (Catcher).

Doar and Antoine were a pair of catchers hard to beat. This was Doar's first attempt at the receiving end and he certainly did wonderful work. He is very quick in noticing plays, and a cool, conscientious worker whose motto is "Never say Die." He ought to make a top notcher in a few years.

N. RUEHLBACH (Pitcher).

"Nig" was one of the stars of this year's team, a handy man in any position, and with Higgins divided the pitching honors for the season. He has a world of speed and unusually good control for such terrific steam. He ranked away up among the hitters, and his heavy batting was responsible for many a victory the Gold and Blue won. This is his first year.

LOUIS J. SALMON (Right Field).

The hero of the gridiron was also a hero on the diamond. His playing was not of the sort that catches the "bleacherites" at first, but his good, consistent work was of more benefit to the team than brilliant outbursts. His fielding was clean, and towards the latter end of the season he was hitting away above

the 300 mark. His daring base stealing turned many a game in our favor. This was his first year.

BYRON V. KANALEY (Left Field).

When the orator and poet first went out, some were inclined to laugh. But it did not take long for them to find out the stuff he was made of, and he soon beat out all competitors. He hit the ball at a terrific clip and fielded in sensational style all season. This is his first year.

J. SHERRY and H. GEOGHEGAN (Shortstops).

Two men more evenly matched for this position seldom if ever have contended on any team. Geoghegan was the more finished player and was far in the lead in batting and base running. Sherry covers more ground, is daring almost to recklessness and possesses a good arm and quick eye. Both will be back next year.

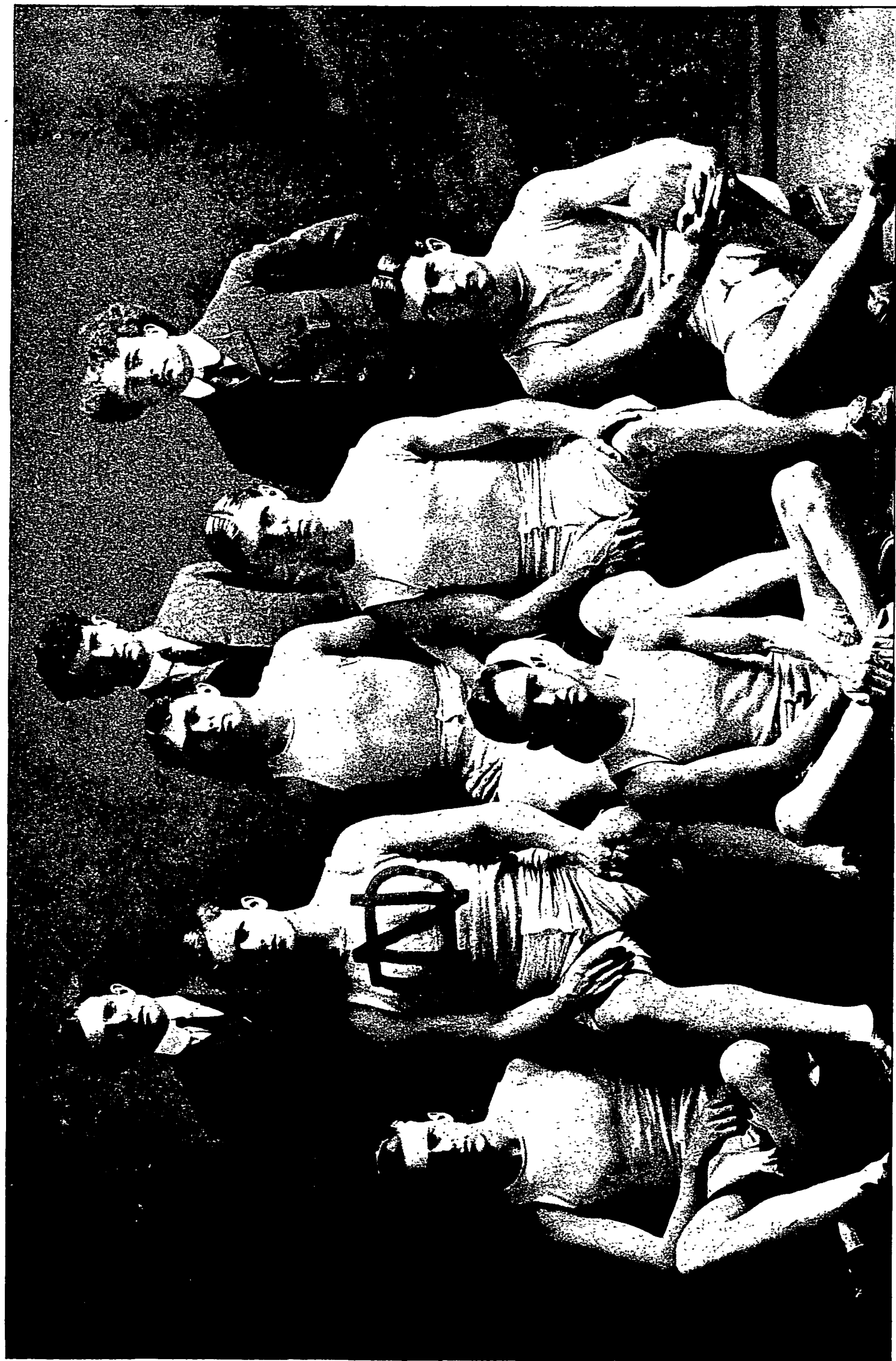
MURPHY (Pitcher).

Murphy was with the team only for a short time so we can say but little concerning his ability. His early work gave great promise.

Unstinted praise is due Coach Lynch and the managers, Messrs. Daly and McGlew, for their untiring efforts to make the season's work successful. It was not altogether pleasant at times, and there were plenty of obstacles in their path, but perseverance won out for them and crowned their efforts with success. We congratulate them and the gentleman of the Varsity of '03.

#### The Track Team of '03.

**B**UT little work was done in track athletics until after the Christmas holidays, and then but very few were patriotic enough to present themselves as candidates. There were several reasons for this, however. In the first place, the Management received several disappointments when endeavoring to secure a Coach, and it was only after a great deal of search and labor, backed up by the enthusiastic support of the Faculty that T. E. Holland, the crack middle distance runner and coach of the Worcester High School, was secured. Then, too, the fellows were disheartened by the disbanding of our crack squad of last year, the withdrawal of Captain Kirby from school and Captain Hoover's illness which compelled



TRACK TEAM.

him to retire from track work. A squad of six men was entered in the First Regiment meet in Chicago, but failed to tally, which also served to put a damper on their spirits. But those in charge struggled bravely on, encouraged by the loyalty of a few candidates, and with Coach Holland's coming in March they were repaid. The new Coach set to work at once, and by his enthusiasm and business-like method of training, he soon infused courage into the candidates, and interest in track athletics was revived. The time was too late, it is true, for any sensational reforms to be made.

The only meet open was the State Championship meet at Bloomington on June 6, and to fit his few candidates for this event, the new coach labored daily. Prospects were anything but alluring, and even our own friends looked upon our entering the meet as a huge joke. But the coach worked on, and at the State Meet his little band captured second place with twenty-nine points. This was certainly a phenomenal record, and even the most sanguine were astounded at the showing made. He had but six men competing against a field of seventy-four, thirty of the latter being from Purdue. It was plucky work considering the odds, and deserves to rank as one of the grandest achievements the Gold and Blue can boast of.

The men comprising the team were Capt. Draper, Davy, W. Carey, McCullough and Meyers. With the exception of McCullough, who was on last year's team during the latter part of the season, the men are all new in track work, and should, and will, no doubt, do heroic work the coming year. Captain William A. Draper is a born athlete, and as a shot putter and hurdler has but few equals in the West. He has often done forty-three feet in the shot put in practice, but has a great tendency to foul, which has robbed him of some new records. He set a new State record at the Bloomington meet. Davy ran the sprints and quarter mile, and his running at Bloomington in these events was an eye opener to the other college men. He set a new record of 52 2-5 in the quarter, remarkable running for a young fellow.

L. J. Carey essayed track work for the first time late in the season. Coach Holland took him in hands and soon had him running in good form. He secured second to the speedy Martin in the 100. Walter Daly has shown time and again that he is the makings of a

good half-miler, and his work last season was highly pleasing to the Coach, who is very enthusiastic over him. McCullough was unfortunate this year, suffering from a badly wrenched knee and a sprained ankle. He did well at the State Meet despite this handicap. J. Meyers has plenty of steam and strength, but lacks form in the weight events. With a little more experience he will make a good man. These gentlemen, Coach Holland and all who worked in behalf of the team, are all to be heartily congratulated on the noble spirit they manifested and the laurels they have won. The SCHOLASTIC wishes them every success and hopes to see them striving again for the Gold and Blue the coming season.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

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#### Athletic Notes.

From the *Chicago Record-Herald* of June 28 we notice that Captain Draper entered in the Anti-Cigarette League Meet in Chicago on June 27 and won first. Draper was unattached and competed against a field of one hundred and fifty. He won both the shot put and the broad jump from scratch.

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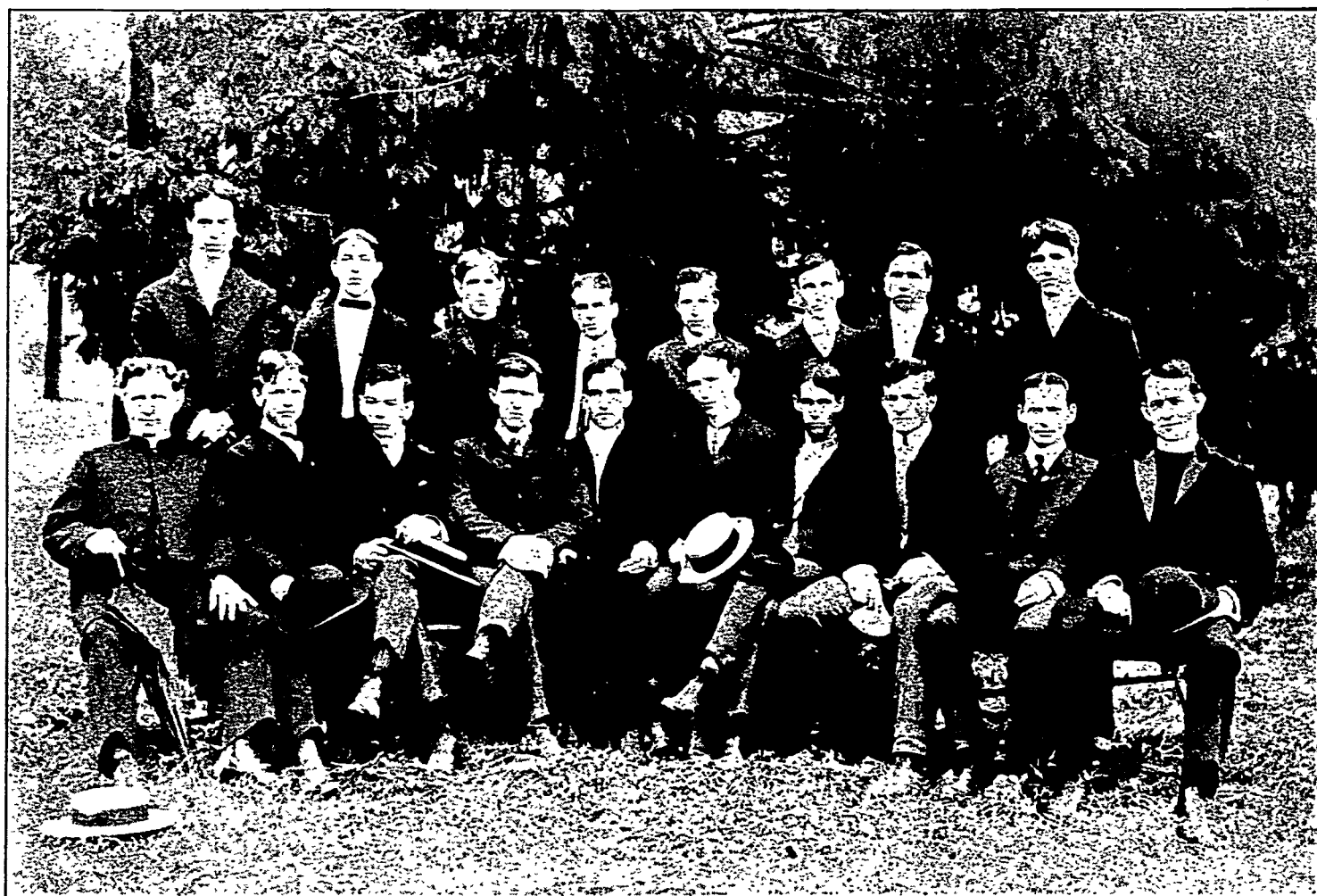
The Notre Dame students now summering at San José Lake celebrated the Fourth of July in a very unique manner before two thousand enthusiastic visitors from Lawton, Decatur, Marcellus, Paw Paw, Schoolcraft, Burr Oak, Kalamazoo and Blue Ridge. The programme was carried out under the management of H. McGlew, assistant manager of athletics at the University and the crack quarter of last year's Varsity, and J. P. O'Reilly, sporting editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and was very interesting. Athletic contests such as the high jump, pole vault, shot put, dashes, broad jump, basket-ball game, weight-lifting contest, etc., were all won by the college boys although a large number of outsiders were entered. In the evening the programme included songs, dances, phonograph recitals and music by a stringed orchestra of Spanish-Americans. A troupe has been organized to give plays in several of the surrounding towns. In the cast are H. McGlew, J. P. O'Reilly, Jasper Lawton, Charles Brennan, William Emerson and S. and J. Baillargeon. The company was drilled by Brother Cyprian.—*South Bend Tribune*, July 11, '03.



A generation ago Notre Dame University was practically unknown in some of the states along the eastern seaboard. Now, thanks to the opportunities she offers and the excellence of her courses, students come to her halls not only from every state in the Union, but from almost every country of the American continent. Despite the educational advantages to be enjoyed in New York, the contingent from the Empire State is annually increasing. Last year the attendance was considerably larger than ever before, and it was this discovery combined with the spirit of good fellowship so generally prevalent

measure to the high ideals to which the members aspired. They determined at the outset that their conduct should be of the kind to merit the approval of the college authorities, and that they kept to this determination may be inferred from the fact that at their banquet in the Hotel Oliver on May 20, the guest of the evening was the Very Reverend Dr. Morrissey.

The accompanying picture of the members was taken by Professor Powers in the college grounds and includes two New York priests who were the welcome guests of the University at last Commencement. These are the



NEW YORK STATE CLUB.

among New Yorkers that led to the formation of the New York State Club of Notre Dame University on November 11.

The objects which the organizers had in view were to promote social intercourse among the members and later to establish a State Alumni Association which would include only such graduates as are residents and citizens of New York. These objects have been realized to a very satisfactory extent. Many enjoyable gatherings were held, and a friendly feeling cultivated which it is hoped will long endure. The success which the society has experienced is due in a great

measure to the high ideals to which the members aspired. They determined at the outset that their conduct should be of the kind to merit the approval of the college authorities, and that they kept to this determination may be inferred from the fact that at their banquet in the Hotel Oliver on May 20, the guest of the evening was the Very Reverend Dr. Morrissey.

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Rev. L. J. Evers, A. B. '79, A. M. '86, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City, and the Reverend Thomas F. Owens, one of his assistants. The following were the officers and members of the society during the past year: P. J. MacDonough, President; William K. Gardiner, Secretary; P. Wilbert O'Grady, Treasurer; Byron V. Kanaley, Louis J. Salmon, Francis B. Cornell and Charles A. Gorman, Executive Committee; Herbert M. Beechinor, James P. Fehan, Harry J. Geoghegan, Edward T. Hammer, Thomas A. Hammer, Ernest E. L. Hammer, Francis McGowan, James Sherry, H. J. McGlew, and John Worden. MACD.